

Trapped by look_turtles

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Summary:

Sometimes Steve feels trapped

Trapped

Author's Note:

Written for the slashthedrabbble prompt: trap/trapped

Sometimes, Steve felt trapped.

Trapped in a small town. Trapped in a big, empty house.

At least he wasn't trapped in The Upside Down.

Now, Steve was trapped but in an enjoyable way. He was pushed up against the gym wall with Billy's hands passing against the wall on each side of Steve's head. If anyone walked by they would probably think that he and Billy were about to get into a fistfight. Just a month ago they would have been right.

Right now however, he had different ideas. He stepped forward and stared down at Billy's lips.

'You gonna stand there or you gonna kiss me?' Billy said with a smirk that did things to Steve.

They brushed their lips together and Billy's hands went up into Steve's hair and pulled.

Steve broke the kiss. 'Hey! Watch the hair.'

'Oh come on. That hair is just made for pulling. Besides, it's going to get all sweaty during gym.'

'That not the point. How would you like it if I pulled your hair?'

Billy grinned. 'I would love that. Now, get with the kissing.'

Steve was more than happy to oblige, but if Billy pulled his hair again he would make sure that the man had a severe case of blue balls for the rest of the week. He spent a lot of time on his hair and wanted it to stay looking good, he might not be King anymore, but he had certain standards to uphold.

They kissed and while his hands went up into Billy's blond locks, Billy wrapped his arms around Steve's waist and pulled him close until they were chest to chest and Steve inhaled the scent of spicy cologne and cigarettes.

He pulled on Billy's hair and Billy groaned into his mouth. He felt Billy's hardness poke him in the thigh.

He thought about pushing Billy against the wall and taking care of that for him, but footsteps echoed through the gym and they broke apart quickly.

It wouldn't do to get caught. Steve's parents wouldn't ever know, but Billy's dad was a whole different story. That man deserved a bat upside the head or at least a kick in the nuts. Not that Billy ever said anything, but Steve saw the bruises and heard Billy talk in his sleep. Respect and responsibility his ass.

'See you in the showers after class,' Billy said with a wink.

Steve just lowered his head and groaned. Now he was in gym class with a hard-on.

Later that night, Steve was laying on his bed flat on his back. His room was dark and quiet.

Billy was laying on top of him with their legs intwined. He was heavy and warm against Steve and his skin was surprisingly soft. He rubbed Billy's back and Billy made a happy noise in his sleep.

He might be trapped by Billy's body, but he didn't feel certainly trapped.

Maybe tonight he wouldn't wake up screaming from nightmares about the Demo-Dog.